

NOVEMBER

No. 17

NATIONAL

10¢ — COMICS —

Another SENSATIONAL
SINGLE-ISSUE
ADVENTURE!



1358-17

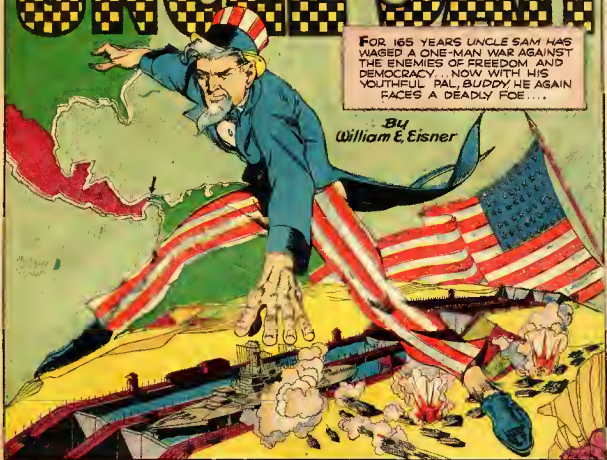


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

UNCLE SAM

FOR 165 YEARS UNCLE SAM HAS WAGED A ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST THE ENEMIES OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY... NOW WITH HIS YOUTHFUL PAL, BUDDY HE AGAIN FACES A DEADLY FOE...

By
William E. Eisner



ONE OF OUR MOST VALUABLE POSSESSIONS, BUDDY... THE PANAMA CANAL... HERE WE ARE AT A LOCK.

EVEN FISH WERE LOCKE OUT!



THIS IS OUR LAST LOCK, AND WE'RE THROUGH THE CANAL!

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC IN ONE DAY... SOME ROWING, UNCLE SAM!

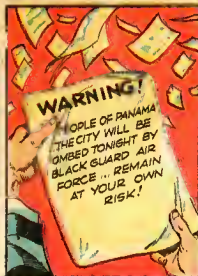


A FEW MINUTES LATER, PANAMA CITY, PACIFIC END OF THE CANAL

HMM! WHAT'S THIS... CONFETTI!??

THAT PLANE TOSSED 'EM DOWN!

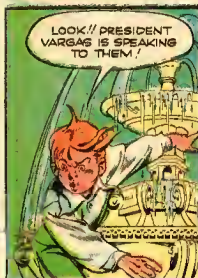




BUDDY, IT LOOKS
LIKE WE WALKED
OR RATHER
ROWED INTO
SOMETHING!



CONFUSION REIGNS IN THE CITY SQUARE AS
THE PEOPLE READ THE LEAFLETS...

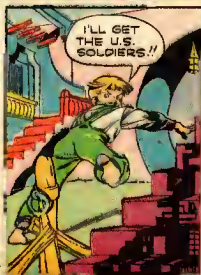


MY FRIENDS, WE
HAVE BEEN EXPECTING
THIS, BUT HAVE NO
FEAR, THE
UNITED STATES
WILL PROTECT US!

HOW? THERE'S
NO ARMY HERE!

THE
FLEET'S
IN
HAWAII!





BUDDY RELAYS THE STARTLING NEWS TO U.S. ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS....

UNCLE SAM CAN HOLD 'EM TILL WE GET THERE!

IT'S WAR... BUT WE'LL GET THERE FAST!



WITH BUDDY RIDING THE LEADING TANK, THE U.S. FIGHTERS MOVE IN....

YIPPEEEEE!! NOW WE'LL SEE WHO'S BOSS!



MEANWHILE, BLACK GUARD SOLDIERS LOOT PANAMA CITY STORES... KILLING ALL WHO OPPOSE THEM....

SHOOTING DEFENSELESS MEN AND WOMEN! TAKE THAT!



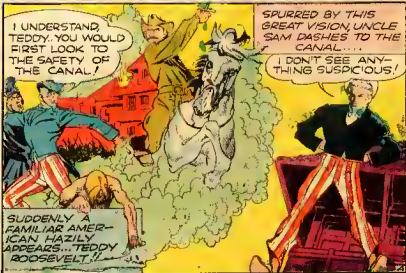
ENEMY AND U.S. FORCES CLASH IN THE SQUARE....



I UNDERSTAND, TEDDY. YOU WOULD FIRST LOOK TO THE SAFETY OF THE CANAL!

SPURRED BY THIS GREAT VISION, UNCLE SAM DASHES TO THE CANAL....

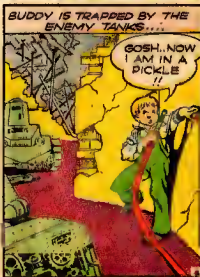
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS!



SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR AMERICAN HAZEL APPEARS... TEDDY ROOSEVELT!!







BUT BUDDY USES HIS HOSE TO
TEAR A HOLE IN A BUILDING..

HA! I'LL FOOL 'EM!!

AS THE BIG TANKS ARE ABOUT
TO CRUSH HIM, HE VANISHES
THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE WALL

THE U.S. TROOPS ARE FORCED
TO RETREAT..

CAN'T BLAME THEM!
THEIR NUMBERS WERE
TOO FEW TO BEAT
THOSE TANKS...
BUT THIS....

GO GET
'EM
SAM!

RIGHT AGAIN,
TEDDY! THIS IS
NO TIME TO
RETREAT

UNCLE SAM RALLIES THE WILD
RETREATING U.S. TROOPS, AND
THEY CHARGE THE FOE...

AT 'EM, BOYS!
WE CAN STOP
'EM!

A BIG TANK RUMBLES TOWARD
THEM.. ITS GUNS CHATTERING..
THE SOLDIERS SCATTER ON
BOTH SIDES AS IT BEARS DOWN

...HE TURNS IT, SENDING IT BACK
TOWARD THE ENEMY RANKS. IT
HEADS INTO AN ONCOMING BLACK
GUARD
TANK
AND...

BOTH TANKS BLOW UP WITH A
MIGHTY EXPLOSION....

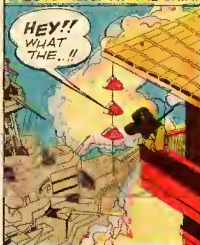
FULL OF
DYNAMITE!! AND
SENT AT US WITH
OUT A DRIVER!!

UNCLE SAM LEAPS BEFORE THE
TANK, PUTS HIS SHOULDER
AGAINST IT, AND.....

MEANWHILE, A STRANGE SHIP
FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG
STEAMS THROUGH THE CANAL
FROM THE ATLANTIC OCEAN...



A LOOK GUARD IN A TOWER
SHOUTS WILDLY AT THE SHIP.



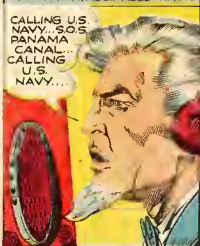
A BULLET WHINES...WITH A
GROAN THE MAN SLUMPS...



NIGHT DRAWS ON...A HAND-TO-
HAND BATTLE
RAGES IN THE
SQUARE....



WITH HEADPHONES, UNCLE SAM
USES A PORTABLE FIELD RADIO



SWITCHING TO RECEIVING, HE
GETS AN ANSWER...



BUDDY, TATTERED AND CARRYING
FIREWORKS, WADDLES UP TO
UNCLE SAM...



WHW! GOT
THAT S.O.S.
THROUGH
JUST IN TIME!
WHAT EVER
HAPPENED
TO YOU?



THE FOREIGN
SHIP'S GUNS
ROAR
AT PAN-
AMA
CITY.





SALLY O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

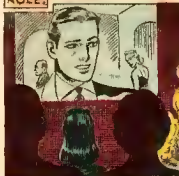
BY
FRANK
KEARNS



A Marble River Scene

ON HER DAY OFF SALLY SEES HER BOY FRIEND BARRY GILMORE IN HIS LATEST FILM ROLE.

A GIRL NEXT TO SALLY NUDGES HER AND SIGNS.



AS SALLY'S HAND CLOSES ON THE PURSE, A FROWN CREASES HER BROW.

SAY, THIS IS PRETTY HEAVY FOR A PURSE!



THROUGH THE LEATHER SALLY FEELS THE OUTLINE OF AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL..



SALLY STRAIGHTENS, EYEING THE GIRL SHARPLY.



OH THANK YOU, MISS... I'M SO CLUMSY!

NOT AT ALL.

SO CLUMSY... BUT NOT SO DUMB!! SHE HAS SOME CLEVER SCHEME COOKED UP. AND I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT IT IS!



THE USHER ESCORTS A DEAF PATRON TO HIS SEAT. . . .



THIS IS THE PLACE WITH SPECIAL EAR PHONES EH?

YES, SIR!

SWIFTLY, SILENTLY, A SLENDER HAND RUMMAGES IN A PURSE.



AN AUTOMATIC IS LEVELED AT THE BACK OF THE DEAF MAN'S HEAD.



BUT. . .



NOT SO FAST!

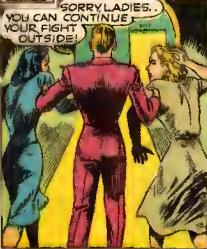
FURIOUSLY THE WOULD-BE MURDERESS LAUNCHES AN ATTACK... BUT SALLY IS TOO QUICK!



MEDDLING FOOL! KEEP OUT OF OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS! OUCH!

THIS IS MY BUSINESS!

THE AUDIENCE GLARES AT THE DISTURBANCE UNTIL AN USHER COMES.



SORRY LADIES... YOU CAN CONTINUE YOUR FIGHT OUTSIDE!

SALLY AND THE GUN-TOTING GIRL ARE PUT OUT.



...AND STAY OUT!!

SALLY ONCE WENT TO PRISON TO TRAP A CRIMINAL. SO...

WHY DON'T YOU CALL THE COPS?

ME? WHY, I SERVED TIME IN THE PEN WITH YOU! DON'T YOU REMEMBER?



AND GIVES THE HACK DRIVER A HIGH SIGN.

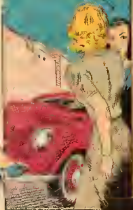


OH...OH, SURE BUT WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA SPOILING THAT BUMP-OFF, SISTER?



SALLY HAILS A PASSING CAB.

HOP IN AND I'LL EXPLAIN!



I THOUGHT YOU'D DROP THE GUN ON MY LAP AND RUN! I'D BE IN A JAM!

I DON'T BLAME YOU! IT'S AN OLD TRICK!



SALLY CONTINUES...

YOU'RE BEULAH, BENNY THE BIMBO'S MOLL... D'YA KNOW HE'S BEEN STEPPING OUT ON YOU?

EH?



SURE! WHY HE ASKED ME OUT A COUPLE OF TIMES, EVEN!



SALLY'S TRICK WORKS. BEULAH FLIES INTO A JEALOUS RAGE...

WHY... THE LOW-DOWN SO-AND-SO!! DRIVER! GO TO 1072 COLLEGE AVENUE!!



THEY STOP AT BENNY THE BIMBO'S HIDEOUT...

COME ON UPSTAIRS, SISTER... I'M GOING TO CHECK ON THAT YARN OF YOURS!



SALLY EAVESDROPS AS BEULAH LIGHTS INTO BENNY.

I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN TWO-TIMING ME YOU RUN-DOWN SPONGE RUBBER HEEL!
WHAT?!



HONEST, BABY, I BEEN HOLIN' UP HERE FOR WEEKS! HAVEN'T EVEN STEPPED OUT TO BUY A PAPER!

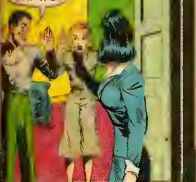


THEN THAT DAME GOT UP TO SOMETHING! I THOUGHT SHE ACTED KIND OF FUNNY WHEN I TRIED TO BUMP OFF YOUR EX-PAL SPUD MARCO!



SALLY GREETES THEM WITH HER GUN.

REACH FOR THE CEILING, BOTH OF YOU!
IT'S SALLY O'NEIL THE COPPER IN SKIRTS

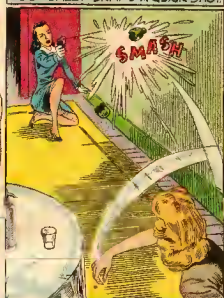


BEULAH SNATCHES A BOTTLE OF ACID.

THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU, SISTER!



BUT SALLY SNAPS A QUICK SHOT



THE ACID EATS THROUGH THE CARPET.



IN THE ROOM BELOW, TWO THUGS SEE THE ACID BURNING THROUGH THE CEILING.



SALLY FORCES HER PRISONERS TO MARCH.



SHE HERDS THEM TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS.



NO TRICKS CLUCKS!

THE TWO THUGS PEER THROUGH THE HOLE IN THE CEILING . .

THAT GAL COP HAS GOT BENNY AND BEULAH!



DUCK, AND WE'LL NAIL HER WHEN SHE COMES BY!

THE THUGS TAKE SALLY BY SURPRISE.



GOTCHA!

SHE'S OUT LIKE AN OVERWORKED FIREFLY.



TAKE HER DOWNSTAIRS TO THE MORTICIAN HE'LL GIVE US A RATE AFTER ALL THE BUSINESS WE'VE GIVEN HIM!

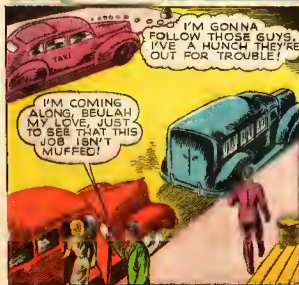
SALLY IS TAKEN TO THE CROOKED UNDERTAKER . . BENNY AND BEULAH FOLLOW . .



MEANWHILE, THE FRIENDLY CABBY KEEPS AN EYE OUT FOR SALLY.



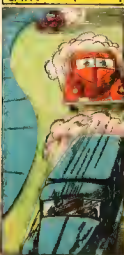
THEY JUST PLACED A COFFIN IN THAT HEARSE AND THOSE MUGS COME OUT.. BUT NO SALLY!



I'M GONNA FOLLOW THOSE GUYS. I'VE A HUNCH THEY'RE OUT FOR TROUBLE!

I'M COMING ALONG, BEULAH MY LOVE, JUST TO SEE THAT THIS JOB ISN'T MUFFED!

THE CABBY FOLLOWS THE HEARSE AND THE GANGSTERS CAR.



HE DROPS OUT OF THE PROCESSION LONG ENOUGH TO NOTIFY SALLY'S COP BROTHERS, PAT AND MIKE.



PAT AND MIKE HOP IN THE CAB. . .
SOON THE DRIVER OVERTAKES THE
HEARSE.

LOOK OUT JOE!
YOU'RE GOING TO
SMASH RIGHT
INTO IT!



THE OFFICERS TEAR OPEN THE
LID OF THE COFFIN. . .



SALLY!

MIKE! PAT!
WH- WHERE
AM I?

BEULAH STARTS TO BEAT IT
BUT SALLY OBJECTS. . .



HOLD YOUR
HORSES. WHAT'S
YOUR HURRY?

JOE, THE CABBY, TEARS INTO THE THUGS BEFORE PAT AND
MIKE ARE IN THERE SLUGGING.



GLEEP!

LET ME AT
THAT MUG
JOE!

URFF!

BENNY THE BIMBO DOESN'T
GET FAR EITHER. . .



BETTER STICK
AROUND, BENNY!
YOU'LL LOVE THE
CELL WE'VE GOT
RESERVED FOR
YOU!

BENNY,
HELP!

THE PRISONERS ARE LOCKED UP
AND. . .



NICE GOING, SAL! YOU
HAD A BUSY DAY!

ALL I WANT
IS SOME SLEEP! AND I
DON'T MEAN IN A
COFFIN!

SALLY IS SLATED FOR ANOTHER
THRILLING ADVENTURE IN
NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS.

I'M GOING TO TAKE A
LOOK AT WHAT'S IN-
SIDE YOUR DEAD-
WAGON, MISTER!



Kid Patrol

By
Drew
Wilson

Marble River Scan

THE KIDS GO FOR A BOAT RIDE AND LAND IN THEIR USUAL PORT, TROUBLE AND PLENTY OF IT!

GRRR!

THOSE TWO GANGSTERS I KNOCKED OUT WITH DE SLEDGE HAMMER WONT BOTHER ME AGAIN.

GRRR!

SCHOOL IS OUT FOR THE DAY.. THE PUPILS SCRAMBLE NOISILY UP THE GANGPLANK, BOUND FOR THEIR ANNUAL BOAT RIDE.

PORKY IS PUSHED AGAINST THE RAIL.

OUCH!

HEY! MY LUNCH!!

HE REACHES FOR IT AND..

OH?? HELP!







GATHERING
BREATH, THEY
DASH FOR
THEIR TEACHER



I'VE BEEN
LOOKING
FOR YOU!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

M-MISS D-
DIGGINS,
T-THERE'S
A B-BIG
BUNCH
T-THERE
A-A ..

H-H
MEANS
T-T-T..

WHAT
THEY MEAN
IS THAT A
GANG OF
ROBBERS
IS HIDING
OUT IN
CLEAR-
WATER
CAVE?



THAT MUST BE THE
CRANE GANG THE
POLICE ARE LOOKING
FOR.. WE MUST
INFORM THE
AUTHORITIES
IMMEDIATELY!



SOON THE LOCAL POLICE
ARRIVE AND FOLLOW THE
KID PATROL TO THE CAVE.



YOU SURE
ARE SMART
KIDS!

THEY'RE
GONE!



BUT PORKY, TEDDY AND SUN
SHINE SPOT THE ROBBERS
AS THEY FLEE DOWN THE
STREAM.



THE CROOKS ARE CAUGHT
BY WELL-AIMED ROCKS
FROM THE KID PATROL.



WELL NOW,
YOU RATS!
IT'S A GOOD
THING WE
DIDN'T LET
YOU DROWN!



THANKS,
KIDS!

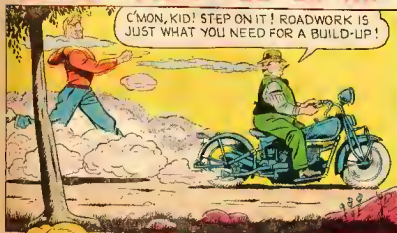
AN' ALL WE CAME
AFTER WAS A NICE
QUIET BOAT RIDE
AN' A RELAXIN'
PICNIC. SHO' NUP!



THE KID PATROL MIXES
WITH EXCITEMENT AGAIN
NEXT MONTH IN
NATIONAL COMICS.



By Bob Reynolds



C'MON, KID! STEP ON IT! ROADWORK IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED FOR A BUILD-UP!

KAFF! KAFF! PHEW-W... THE HECK WITH THIS MONOXIDE TORTURE!



MMM! LOOKIT THAT BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS, BUBBLING WATER! JUST THE THING FER MY DUSTY PIPES!

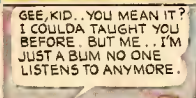
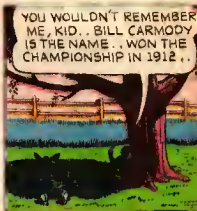


TOPPS CAN TAKE A NICE L-O-N-G RIDE FER HIMSELF. GLUG-GLUG-



I'M GONNA SIT DOWN AN' ENJOY THE BIRDS AN' THE BEES AN' STUFF.

A Mumble River Span



HOLY HATCHCKES! I'M GETTIN' WORRIED... AND THAT BIG FIGHT WITH BIMBO GILLAM COMIN' UP!



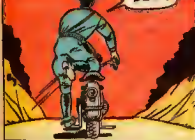
PULL OVER, SPORT! WE GOT PLENTY OF TIME!



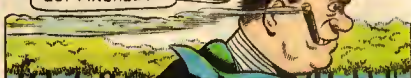
I'M LOOKIN' FOR MY FIGHTER, OFFICER... KID DIXON... CRIPES, HE'S LOST. KIDNAPPED.. ELOPED OR SOME-THIN'!



OH YEAH? FOLLOW ME TO THE STATE POLICE BARRACKS, BUD!



DOGGONE AN' DRAT IT! THIS IS A HECKUVA TIME TO GET PINCHED!



THIS WAY, MISTER!



KID DIXON'S MISSING, SARGE!



WHA-AT? WHY.. WHY.. WE'VE BET ALL OUR VACATION DOUGH ON THE KID.. IF HE FORFEITS THE FIGHT WE'LL BE OUTA THE MONEY!



YEAH.. I HAD THAT IOEA, TOO. WE'D BETTER PUT OUT THE ORAGNET FOR THE KID!



CALLING ALL CARS.. CALLING ALL CARS.. ALL OUT TO LOOK FOR MISSING HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.. KID OIXON...



MEANWHILE DANNY AND BILL CARMODY
ARE SWAPPING PUNCHES . . .



I THINK YOU'VE
CAUGHT ON,
KID.

YOU BET, THAT'S A
MILLION DOLLAR
HOOK, BILL!



C'MON, WE'LL HITCH A RIDE
BACK TO MY TRAINING CAMP.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A
RINGSIDE SEAT AT THE
FIGHT SATURDAY NIGHT.



OKAY. HOP IN, BOYS . . .
HOW FUR YEW GOIN'?



JEE-HOSEPHAT! SOMEONE'S
UP! WISHT THIS DURNED
LIZZIE CD KEEP UP WITH
EM.



MUST BE A
BANK ROBBERY.

YUP. RECOLLECT THE
TIME THEY ROBBED THE
FILLIN' STATION IN TOWN.
HERE'S 'OW IT WUZ . . .



HERE
WE ARE.

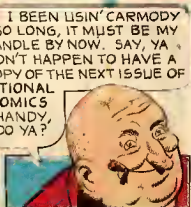
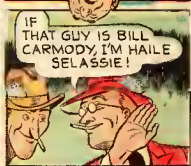
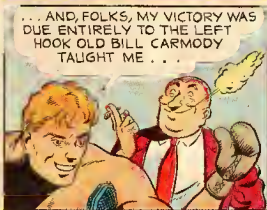
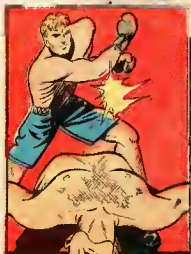
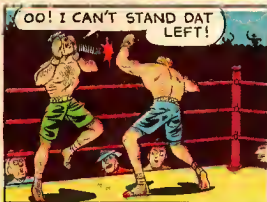
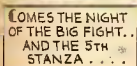


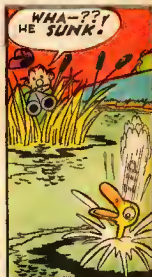
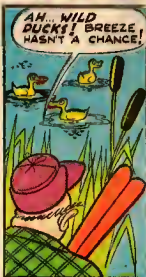
WHAT'S A MATTER,
BOTTLE?



YOU.. YOU.. Y...
UG..







Wonder Boy

BY
JERRY
MAXWELL

LIKE THOUSANDS OF HUSKY AMERICAN BOYS, WONDER BOY AIDS IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY. BUT UNLIKE MOST BOYS, HIS PUNCH PACKS THE POWER OF TEN MEN AND HIS LIGHTNING OFFENSIVE IS PURE DYNAMITE LET LOOSE.

WONDER BOY STANDS BEFORE AN ARMY AIR CORPS RECRUITING OFFICER.

I KNOW I'M TOO YOUNG TO ENLIST... BUT I WANT TO HELP MY COUNTRY SOMEHOW!

FINE. WE'VE ALWAYS ROOM FOR LADS LIKE YOU!

REPORT TO SERGEANT CRANE IN THE FIELD.. YOU'LL BE A CIVILIAN HELPER!

THANKS, I'M OFF NOW!



MECHANICS GAPE IN AWE
AS WONDER BOY STREAKS
PAST...



SERGEANT CRANE, SIR?
WONDER BOY RE-
PORTING FOR DUTY!
WHAT SHALL I
DO, SIR?



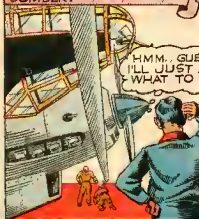
BUT WHILE SERGEANT
CRANE GIVES DIRECTIONS,
TWO HANGAR SERVICEMEN
EAVESDROP... AND MAKE
PLANS...

MAKE IT
TOUGH
FOR HIM!

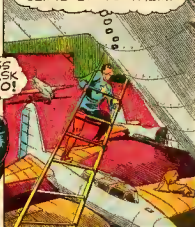
SURE! THAT
KID AIN'T
GONNA
LOSE US
TEN GRAND!



WONDER BOY IS SENT TO
HANGAR 8, WHERE HE IS
TO HELP SERVICE AN M-26
BOMBER.



THERE ARE MECHANICS
IN THE BOMBER... I'LL
CLIMB UP TO THEM.



HELLO! ANY-
THING I CAN
DO? SERGEANT
CRANE SENT
ME!



THEY DON'T EVEN
ANSWER... THAT'S FUNNY.
I'LL BET THEY'RE UP TO
DIRTY WORK!

DIDN'T Y U
HEAR ME?
I SAID.



ONE MECHANIC LUNGES
FORWARD WITH A MONKEY
WRENCH.

WE AIN'T
INT'RESTED!



BUT WONDER BOY LOOSES
A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO HIS
ASSAILANT'S
JAW.



HE DODGES OUT THE DOOR.

I'VE GOT TO REPORT
THIS TO SERGEANT
CRANE!

BUT A MECHANIC BELOW
SHOVES THE LADDER OFF
BALANCE.

NOW
BREAK
YOUR NECK,
YOU BRAT!

UH! GOT TO GET LOOSE...
MUST TRY HARDER...
OH!.. I'M FREE NOW!!

WONDER BOY PLUNGES TO
THE CEMENT FLOOR.

UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE
HEAD LANDING, HE COMES
TO AND FINDS HIMSELF
SECURELY BOUND BEHIND
THE REFUSE SECTION.

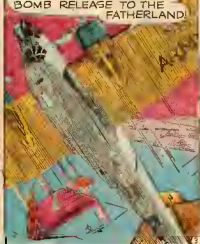
INSTANTLY HE DASHES TO
THE FIELD.



SERGEANT CRANE
HEARS HIS STORY
IN AMAZEMENT
AND.

MEANWHILE THE BOMBER
SOARS HIGH ABOVE THE
FIELD.

FLOW THIS FIELD TO THE
DEVIL AND THEN HAND
OVER THE NEW AMERICAN
BOMB RELEASE TO THE
FATHERLAND!



BOMBS SPILL FROM THE SHIP, TOWARD THE UNPROTECTED FIELD BELOW.

COVER YOUR EARS... BIG BOOM COMING!



FURIOUSLY, WONDER BOY DASHES TO THE CENTER OF THE FIELD.

I'LL CATCH THIS EGG!



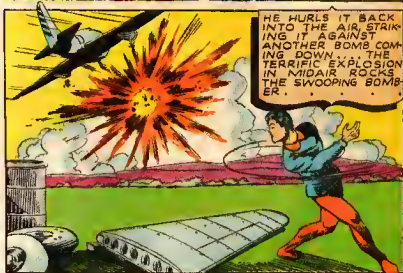
BEN LEAPS TO HIS PURSUIT PLANE...

WE'LL TAME THOSE TWO, WONDER BOY!

AND HOW! SA-AY, THEY'RE DROPPING BOMBS!

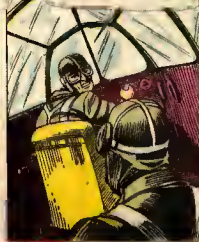


A DIRECT HIT SENDS ONE HANGAR INTO OBLIVION.



HE HURLS IT BACK INTO THE AIR, STRIKING IT AGAINST ANOTHER BOMB COMING DOWN... THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN MIDAIR ROCKS THE SWOOPING BOMBER.

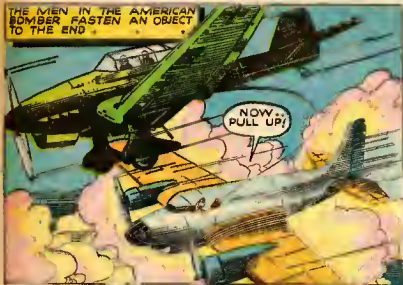
HANS! LOWER THE PICK-UP ROPE! WE MUST HOIST UP THE NEW BOMB RELEASE MECHANISM!



A SWAYING ROPE DANGLES FROM THE ALIEN SHIP.



THE MEN IN THE AMERICAN
BOMBER FASTEN AN OBJECT
TO THE END



GOT IT,
HANSI?

YES... THE
BOMB RE-
LEASE IS OUR
NOW! WE SHALL
WIN THE WAR
WITH THIS!



MEANWHILE ON THE FIELD
BELOW, AIRMEN PREPARE
TO TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT



WONDER BOY STILL
HURLS BOMBS...

I'LL SLICE 'EM
IN TWO WITH
THIS!



A DIRECT HIT!



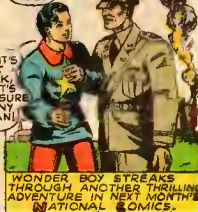
THE FOREIGN PLANE
SWERVES TO AVOID
THE CRASHING
BOMBER
AND...



THIS IS
EVEN BETTER
THAN
FISHING!

LATER... FINE WORK,
WONDER BOY...
YOU'VE SAVED OUR BOMB
RELEASE.. AND UNCOVERED
A SPY
RING TOO!

BUT IT'S
NOT
WORK,
SIR... IT'S
A PLEASURE
FOR ANY
AMERICAN!



WONDER BOY STREAKS
THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING
ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS.

QUICKSILVER

THE
LAUGHING
ROBIN HOOD

by Nick
Cordy

THE SPEED OF LIGHT...
DYNAMIC POWER...THESE
ARE THE PRINCIPAL GIFTS
OF QUICKSILVER. HE
STRIKES WITH DEADLY
FORCE AGAINST CRIME..

IN THE DEATH HOUSE
A GRIM SHADOW
CLUTCHES THE BARS.
TOM JAMESON...CON-
VICTED OF MURDER..

YOUR
TIME
HAS
COME,
TOM!

I DIDN'T KILL
ROCKIE MALONE
I NEVER KILLED
ANYONE! THEY
CAN'T GIVE ME
THE CHAIR FOR
SOMETHING
I DIDN'T DO!

AT THE SAME TIME A BLACK AND
SILVER STREAK KNIFES THRU
THE NIGHT TOWARD THE
PRISON.. IT'S THE KING OF SPEED
QUICKSILVER!

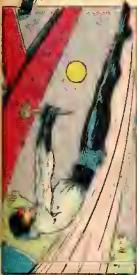
THERE ISN'T TIME TO GO THROUGH ALL THE RED TAPE AND EXPLANATIONS TO FREE JAMESON. I'LL HAVE TO DO THE BEST I CAN MY OWN WAY!



THERE IT IS... JUST WHAT I WANT!



OH-OH, THERE GOES THE SIREN THAT MEANS JAMESON IS ON HIS WAY TO THE EXECUTION CHAMBER. I'LL HAVE TO STEP ON IT!



OKAY, PLIERS... DO YOUR STUFF!



HEY... WHO'S TURNIN' OFF THE LIGHTS?



SOMEONE'S CUTTING THE WIRES!



RIGHT!



HEY... LOOKOUT.. YOU CRAZY FOOL!



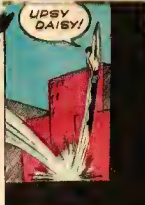
DON'T LAND LIKE THAT.
YOU'RE APT TO BREAK THE
CONCRETE!



THERE'S THE
GUY THAT
CUT THE...
QUICKSILVER!

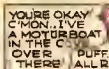
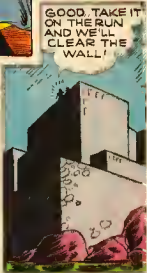


AS FAST AS THE GUARDS
START RUNNING FOR
QUICKSILVER THEY
TURN AND MAKE A MAD
DASH BACK AGAIN



IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN
THERE'S A SKY-
LIGHT IN THE CEILING
OF THE EXECUTION
CHAMBER. THAT'S
WHERE JAMESON IS
APT TO BE NOW!





PUFF. PUFF ALL RIGHT!

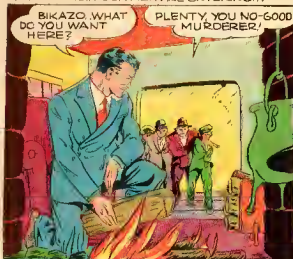
A FEW MINUTES LATER, A POWERFUL SPEED BOAT ROARS OUT OF THE COVE

HEY..YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR THE CITY..WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THE POLICE THAT WAY!

WHO SAID WE WERE? WE'RE GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!



WELL..WHAT'S QUICKSILVER UP TO ANYWAY?
LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN THE DISTRICT ATTOR-
NEY'S HOME..FOUR MEN ARE ENTERING...



BIKAZO. WHAT
DO YOU WANT
HERE?

PLENTY YOU NO-GOOD
MURDERER!

YOU SENT THAT
JAMESON KID
TO THE CHAIR
TONIGHT AND
HE'S AS INNOCENT
AS YOU OR
I!

WHAT? YES! HE'S THE
MURDERER OF MY...
ER, SECRETARY.
MY OWN TRUCK
DRIVER!

I'LL GET YOU
FOR THIS!



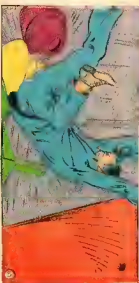
YEAH..I BUMPED OFF
ROCKIE MALONE AN'
LET ME GIT MY HANDS
FREE AN' I'LL BUMP
OFF ANOTHER RAT
AROUND HERE!

THIS
MEANS
MY FINISH!

YOU'RE DARN RIGHT
IT DOES! I'LL RUN
YOU OUT OF OFFICE
AND SEND YOU
UP THE RIVER! THE
TROUBLE WITH
THIS TOWN IS THERE'S
TOO MANY BLUNDER
ING FOOLS RUNNING
IT!



HA HA HA! ATTA BOY,
BOSS. LAY IT ON
THICK, YOU SURE
FIGURE THINGS OUT
POFFECTLY!



HEY,
BOSS!



HI YA
BIKAZO. I
THOUGHT
I'D FIND
YOU
HERE!

QUICKSILVER!
JAMESON!
WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT?



I JUST DROPPED IN
TO TELL A STORY I
HEARD..THERE WAS
A BIG SHOT RACKETEER
ONCE WHO
DIDN'T LIKE THE D.A.-
HE PICKED ON ONE OF
HIS MEN..THAT HE
DIDN'T LIKE AND GOT
ANOTHER ONE OF HIS
BOYS MAD AT THIS
FELLOW!



IT WAS
MADE TO ORDER
FOR THIS WEASEL!



WHY
YOU..

THAT'S YOUR FINISH
BIKAZO!

WHY YOU..ARE
YOU TRYING
TO PIN THIS..WELL..
ON ME? IF THE
SHOE FITS
WEAR IT!



AND NEITHER
DOES ANY-
ONE ELSE!



THEN, HE GOT A STRANGER
MAD AT THIS FIRST FELLOW.
TOO. THE FIRST FELLOW
WAS FOUND DEAD! EVERY-
THING WAS TAKEN CARE OF
AND THIS STRANGER WAS
FRAMED FOR THE MURDER!
THE RACKETEER KNEW
HIS GUNMAN HAD KILLED
THIS FIRST FELLOW! BUT
HE KEPT HIS MOUTH SHUT
UNTIL THE RIGHT TIME!



WHY? SO HE
COULD RAIL-
ROAD THE D.A.
OUT OF OFFICE
AND PUT IN ONE
OF HIS OWN
RATS!



BIKAZO FLASH-
ES A GUN AND
REELS..

I DON'T LIKE
THE TASTE
OF LEAD!



SHUT YOUR
BIG TRAP!



I WOULDN'T DO ANY-
THING FOOLISH,
BOYS. JAMESON,
CALL THE
POLICE!



WHILE YOU'RE AT IT,
CALL A COUPLE OF
ELECTRICIANS AND
SEND THEM UP TO
THE STATE PRISON.
I HEAR THEY'RE
HAVING SOME
TROUBLE GETTING
ELECTRICITY UP
THERE.. SO LONG,
BOYS!



JACK and JILL

By
Powell
Riggs

JACK AND JILL GO TO A COUNTRY FAIR. JILL WINS AN ARM-LOAD OF PRIZES. AND JACK RINGS UP A BASKETFUL OF MURDER.

OUR ACE SLEUTHS ARE ALL UP IN THE AIR AGAIN. THIS TIME ON A FERRIS WHEEL AT BELL'S TRAVELING CARNIVAL.

WHEE!
WHAT
FUN?

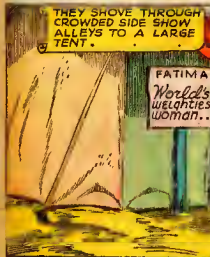
JACK LOOKS AT THE CROWDS BELOW AND...

HEY! WHAT'S
THE EXCITE-
MENT?

MURDER,
DARLING,
I JUST HEARD
A SHOT!

THIS IS THE LIMIT!
HERE I AM, A DETECTIVE
WITH A MURDER
DOWN THERE AND
I'M STUCK IN THIS
DOGGED
MOUSE
TRAP!





JACK GRABS A KNIFE FROM A BOOTH.

HE HURLS IT WITH ALL HIS MIGHT AT THE STARTLED FATIMA AND HITS THE BASKET.



WITH THE GRACE OF A HIPPO-POTAMUS, THE FAT LADY WADDLES TO A TAXI, THE BASKET WITH HER.

JACK AND JILL FOLLOW. THEY SPEED DOWN A DUSTY STREET TO THE DEPOT.

THEY ARRIVE AT THE STATION AND...



BUT THE STATION MASTER HAS OTHER IDEAS...

JACK RIPS APART A LOAD OF LINEN... SUDDENLY.





YEAH? YOU REACH WITH YOUR CHIN?

MEANWHILE JILL FOLLOWS THE FAT LADY OUT OF THE CIRCUS.

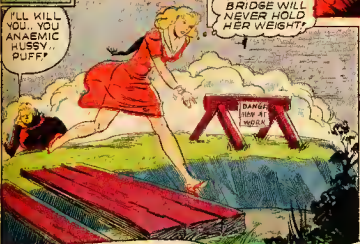
DON'T BE SO HUFFY, SISTER! I KNOW WHAT WAS IN THAT BASKET!



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT!

JILL RACES OVER AN UNFINISHED ROADBED.

I'LL KILL YOU... YOU ANAEMIC HUSSY... PUFF!



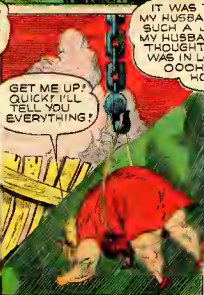
WHAT LUCK? THIS PLANK BRIDGE WILL NEVER HOLD HER WEIGHT!



HAT! HAT! GOOOO WORK, JILL! I'VE COLLARED THIS GUY. SAYS HE'S FATTY'S HUSBAND. SA-AY! WE'LL NEED A OERRICK TO HAUL HER UP!



GET ME UP! QUICK! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!



IT WAS THE BARKER MY HUSBAND MURDERED. SUCH A JEALOUS MAN MY HUSBAND IS! HE THOUGHT THE BARKER WAS IN LOVE WITH ME. OOOH... BOOO HOOO!



WELL, JILL THAT'S OVER! NOW WHAT?



NEXT MONTH WE'LL SEE IN ANOTHER THRILLING JACK AND JILL ADVENTURE IN

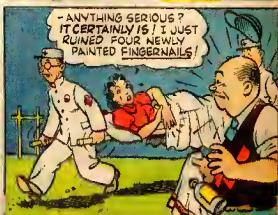
National Comics

MISS WINKY

The All-American Girl

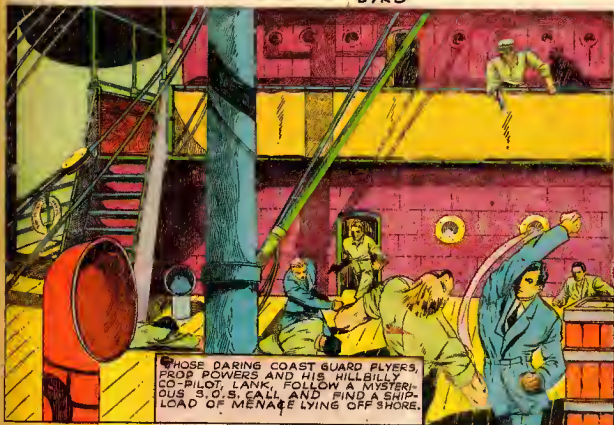
STOP WORRYING
COACH—THIS
IS ONLY
THE HALF!

C'MON—WE GOTTA WIN OUT
THERE, GIRLS—BUT DO
BE CAREFUL! I DON'T
WANT ANY OF YOU KIDS
INJURED TODAY!



PROP POWERS

By
LYNN
BYRD



THOSE DARING COAST GUARD FLYERS, PROP POWERS AND HIS HILLBILLY CO-PILOT, LANK, FOLLOW A MYSTERIOUS S.O.S. CALL AND FIND A SHIPLOAD OF MENACE LYING OFF SHORE.

IT'S SO QUIET AT THE COAST GUARD SHORE STATION YOU CAN HEAR LANK DROP HIS '8/9'!

YOUR MOVE, LANK.

YOU AIN'T GIVIN' ME TIME TO THINK... AH'M GOIN' TO WAIT!



Marble River Board

LATER...

YOU TOOK SO MUCH TIME OUT FOR THINKING, I THINK WE'D BETTER TRY TABLE TENNIS NEXT.



YEAH THIS SHO IS A DULL LIFE FER A COUPLE OF FAST ACTION FELLAS. UH WAS THAT OUR BELL?

PROP DASHES TO THE SIGNAL ROOM, RETURNING IN A FEW MOMENTS.

THAT WAS FOR US, LANK'S O.S. FROM THE LIGHTSHIP OFF THE SHOALS.

THEY NEED A MATCH TO LIGHT UP? LET'S GET GOIN', PAL!



THUNDERING TWIN ENGINES
ZOOM THEIR PATROL SHIP
SKYWARD.

THIS HEAH BUSINESS
IS MIGHTY STRANGE.
PROP, LIGHTSHIPS
DON'T HAVE TROUBLE
IN GOOD WEATHER.

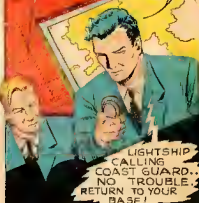
YEAH, IT
SOUNDS A
FISHY TO
ME, TOO.



YUH'D
BETTER TRY
TO GET 'EM
ON THE RADIO,
PROP!

I'LL KEEP A
SHARP LOOK-
OUT, GO
AHEAD!

AHOY
THERE,
LIGHTSHIP!
WHAT'S THE
TROUBLE!



LIGHTSHIP
CALLING
COAST GUARD..
NO TROUBLE.
RETURN TO YOUR
BASE!

SUDDENLY LANK GASPS IN
SURPRISE.

LOOK OFF THE
STARBOARD..
QUICK! A U-
BOAT MAKIN'
A DIVE!

YOU'RE
RIGHT,
LANK! AND
WE'RE GOIN'
DOWN TO
THE LIGHTSHIP.



PROP DROPS THEIR PLANE
ALONGSIDE THE GOVERN-
MENT SHIP.



I'VE A
STRONG
SUSPICION
EVERYTHING
ISN'T OKAY
ABOARD THIS
VESSEL!

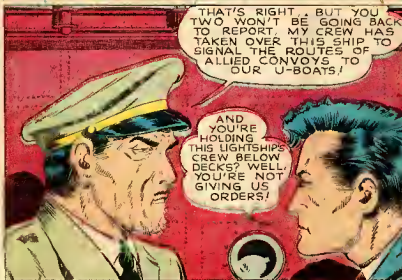
THEN YUH ALL
HAD BETTER
BE KEERFUL!

TYING UP PROP AND LANK
CLIMBS ON DECK AND MEET
A MAN WEARING A CAP-
TAIN'S UNIFORM.



SAY, WHAT DID
YOU SEND OUT
AN S.O.S. FOR,
CAP'N? ER..
GOSH, YOU'RE
NOT CAP'N
WEBB!

WATCH
OUT, PROP!



THAT'S RIGHT, BUT YOU
TWO WON'T BE GOING BACK
TO REPORT. MY CREW HAS
TAKEN OVER THIS SHIP TO
SIGNAL THE ROUTES OF
ALLIED CONVOYS TO
OUR U-BOATS!

AND YOU'RE
HOLDING
THIS LIGHTSHIPS
CREW BELOW
DECK? WELL,
YOU'RE NOT
GIVING US
ORDERS!

THE COAST GUARDSMAN
MOVES SWIFTLY.



A LITTLE ACTION
LIKE THIS COUNTS
MORE THAN
WORDS!

AND LANK TAKES THE OFFENSIVE AGAINST ANOTHER ALIEN OFFICER.

IF ANYBODY WANTS A FIGHT JES' ASK 'EM TO CALL ON ME, FELLA!

OOOF!



BUT REINFORCEMENTS RUSH FROM THE CABIN, SURROUNDING PROP AND LANK.

SLUG 'EM, PROP!

YEAH, I...UGH!



FOUL BLOWS KNOCK THE COAST GUARDSMEN TO THE DECK.

GOOD WORK, MEN. NOW TIE THEM UP!

YES, SIR!



THEIR PLANE WILL BE SEARCHED FOR! IT MUST BE WRECKED WITH THEM ABOARD. GET THE IDEA?



PROP AND LANK ARE PUT IN THEIR SHIP. A FOREIGN OFFICER SETS THE CONTROLS AND LEAPS OUT AS THE SHIP TAKES OFF.

IF WE GET INTO THE AIR, WE'LL GO INTO A SPIN, LANK!



YEAH, AIN'T THERE NOTHING WE CAN DO? OOPS. WE'RE GOIN' UP! AN' MY HANDS ARE TIED FAST TO THIS WHEEL!



POWERS TAKES A DANGEROUS RISK.

IF I CAN GET THE AIR SCREW TO CUT MY BONDS AH... IT WORKS!



HIS HANDS FREE AGAIN, PROP QUICKLY UNTIES HIS PARTNER'S WRISTS.

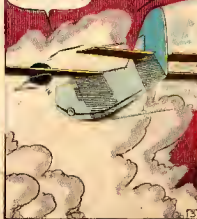
MAH GOSH, PROP, YUH SHO' IS CLEVER!

AND LUCKILY WE'RE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE LIGHTSHIP.



THAT FOREIGN CREW THINKS WE'RE DOOMED. BUT WE'LL FOOL 'EM!

YEAH, I SEE WE HEAD BACK TO OUR BASE!



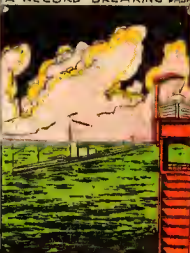
MEANWHILE EXCITEMENT REIGNS ABOARD THE LIGHTSHIP.



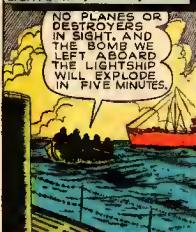
WHEN THE UNDERSEA BOAT GETS THE MESSAGE...



THE U-BOAT RETURNS IN A RECORD-BREAKING DASH.



AND THE ALIEN CREW HURRIEDLY DESERTS THE LIGHTSHIP.



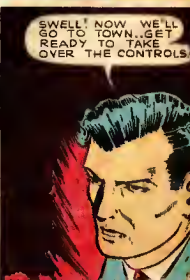
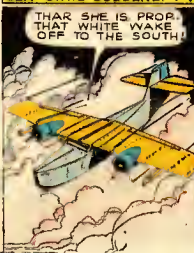
REACHING THEIR BASE, PROP AND LANK TIE A DEPTH BOMB UNDER THE WING.



IN THE CABIN, WITH PROP AT THE CONTROLS, THEY MAKE A SWIFT TAKE-OFF.



PROP CIRCLES OVER THE SEA UNTIL SUDDENLY...



SPOTTING THEIR PLANE, THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN BRINGS HIS CRAFT TO THE SURFACE...

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS TO YOUR STATIONS! BRING DOWN THAT PLANE!



WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST NOW, LANK. THEY'RE GOING TO OPEN FIRE WHEN WE'RE IN RANGE!

YEAH, BUT TAKE IT EASY OUT THAR ON THE WING, IF YOU GET HIT...



PROP MAKES HIS WAY GINGERLY ON TO THE SMOOTH WING.

ONE SLIP AND I'LL GO IN FOR MY LAST DIP!



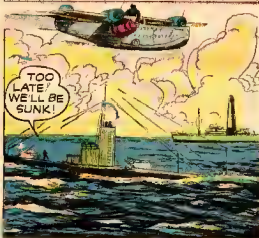
HE HANGS ON DESPERATELY AS LANK SHOTS THE PLANE TOWARDS THEIR PREY...

JUST A LITTLE CLOSER, THEN...



DIRECTLY OVER THE SUBMARINE, PROP LOOSES THE DEPTH BOMB.

TOO LATE! WE'LL BE SUNK!



AND LANK PULLS THE PATROL PLANE OUT OF THE DIVE.

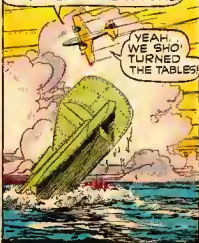


A TERRIFIC BLAST TEARS THE U-BOAT APART.



ONE LESS RAIDER, LANK. UH, WHAT? LIGHTSHIP CALLING? THEY FOUND A BOMB?

YEAH, WE SHO' TURNED THE TABLES!



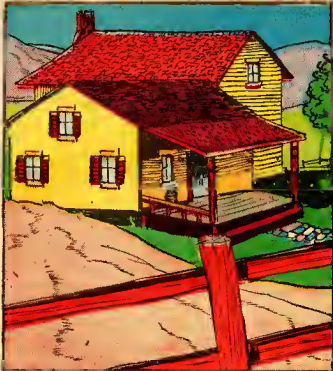
SUDDENLY PATROL PLANES FROM THEIR BASE SWARM ABOUT THEM.

OKAY FELLAS. THE EXCITEMENT IS OVER NOW!



PROP POWERS FLIES INTO ANOTHER OFF-SHORE PATROL BATTLE IN NEXT MONTH'S

NATIONAL COMICS



THE SECRET ROOM

By
ANTHONY LAMB

Leddy Carvell knew that something was very wrong. He had been born and bred in the old Carvell house and he knew every board and stone in it. And now he had a feeling that the house was trying to tell him that something was wrong. It was almost like when Dude Boy, Leddy's dog, was sick. He wouldn't whimper one complaint but just the way he would brush up against Leddy made him understand how he felt.

Leddy knew that Carvell House couldn't be sick. But something was the matter. It hadn't been the same since Uncle Marc had come to live there three months ago. Before that there had just been Grandma and Leddy and Dude Boy. They had all grown up in the family home but Uncle Marc, although he was a big cheerful man and always ready with a joke, he was a stranger from another branch of the family and his feet didn't tread easy on the old house's floors.

There had once been another

Leddy Carvell many years ago when the house was new. They had called him Leslie Carvell and he was a prominent lawyer in the back-country town, a respected citizen. It was a Southern town and, in those days, if people had known of Leslie Carvell's secret room, they would have respected him less and even probably run him out of town.

For Carvell House was one of the many stations in the famous Underground railway that assisted run-away slaves in their desperate escapes to freedom. When Leslie built his home he carefully planned a secret room, reached by a concealed passage that led through a huge fire-place and was built under the ground adjacent to the cellar. For many dark years before the war between the states, hundreds of darkies had spent nights that were made warm and comfortable; nights at the Carvell House that would be remembered as bright spots in a perilous journey.

After the war, the secret room had

been discovered and admired, by some. But a few generations went by and the room was all but forgotten by the community. Only the children of Carvell House were interested, and when they grew up, they too, forgot. But Leddy was still a child and the room was his favorite hiding place. It was what made Carvell House better to live in than any mansion. Here he could play run-away-slave, pirate or wounded soldier. Here he could really hide from the other kids in town, for he had kept his secret well.

Leddy was out in the yard, rolling over in the grass with Dude Boy when the two strange men parked before the house and asked to see Uncle Marc. Leddy wasn't exactly eaves-dropping, but he had moved over closer to the open window and could hear the men's voices. They were talking very politely but Leddy could feel somehow that there was an under-current of tenseness in what they said. Uncle Marc was particularly strained. His voice was much more cordial than Leddy had ever heard it before.

"Of course, I can understand how you would come to such a conclusion," Uncle Marc was saying. "And you're absolutely free to search the house. But I'm sure, unless Grandma



Corvell has suddenly turned against her country, that you'll find no one of that description here."

Leddy didn't know what to make of it. That was a silly way to talk about Grandma. Who were they looking for, anyway?

Leddy slipped under a bush as the two men left and heard one of them say, "Well, looks like we hit a dead-end this time. Everything pointed to him, but—"

"Don't rush to conclusions. We haven't searched the town yet. We'll park at the Inn for awhile and lay low. Remember it was a federal man who was killed. We can't slip up on this job."

When the men had gone, Leddy scrambled to his feet and watched their car tear down the road, raising a cloud of dust. He could hardly believe what his ears had heard.

"Geel! They must be G-men! And they think that someone who killed a G-man is hiding in our house!"

At first he was indignant. As if a house with such a grand history could be guilty of sheltering a murderer and probably a spy! Then Leddy gulped and his eyes popped wide. He turned around slowly and looked at the house. He walked over to the plot of grass that grew beside the big west chimney. He was standing over the secret room!

maybe he isn't Uncle Marc at all. Grandma said he grew up to look different than he did when he was a baby. Even Dude Boy had never treated him like he did other visitors from the family." Leddy had never thought Uncle Marc's jokes were very funny though he did laugh at them just to be polite.

Maybe, this man, who might not be Uncle Marc was hiding someone in the secret room!

There was only one way to find out. Leddy had to know, even if it got him in terrible trouble. Now he knew what was wrong with the old house. Corvell House had been trying to tell him that it was harboring an intruder.

Leddy walked very quietly through the side door and slipped into the cool, dark parlor. No one was there. He could hear Grandma in the kitchen, and he hoped Uncle Marc, or whoever he was, was upstairs. Leddy hurried over to the fireplace and put his foot across the andiron. He doubled over and reached out to touch the trap stone. Then he heard a step behind him.

"What are you doing in there!" It was Uncle Marc.

"Er, I'm just gonna—clean out the grate, sir," answered Leddy.

"It doesn't need cleaning," barked Uncle Marc and ordered him out of the house.

Leddy was convinced now. He ran to the end of the yard and ducked under the fence. In a few moments he came dashing down the road before the Inn, his face streaked with perspiration. He found the two men who had come to see Uncle Marc, talking on the porch.

"I—I came to tell you—" he began breathlessly, "My—great—great grandfather—was Leddie Corvell and he helped slaves escape by hiding them in—"

"Very interesting son, but tell us about it some other time. Here, here's a nickel. Go buy yourself an ice-cream cone."

"But don't you see mister? He built a secret room next to the cellar in

Corvell House. You reach it through the fireplace and . . ."



The two men had picked up interest, and Leddy told them about his suspicions.

Later that afternoon, Leddy was rolling over and over on the grass. Uncle Marc came outside to knock some ashes out of his pipe.

"Hey, Uncle Marc, come here, will you? I was down at the end of the yard, today and I saw some ripe tomatoes on the vine. Come down and tell me if I can pick them."

Uncle Marc trudged along next to Leddy who was acting calm enough, but his heart was pounding up in the roof of his mouth. He kept Uncle Marc down at the vegetable patch as long as he could, asking a million questions that he knew the answers to perfectly well. Then he walked slowly back to the house. They went into the parlor and Leddy trembled with relief when he saw Uncle Marc stop short and gaze into the muzzles of two automatics. The Federal men were there all right. And between them stood the fugitive whose hands were blackened from his climb out of the fire-place.

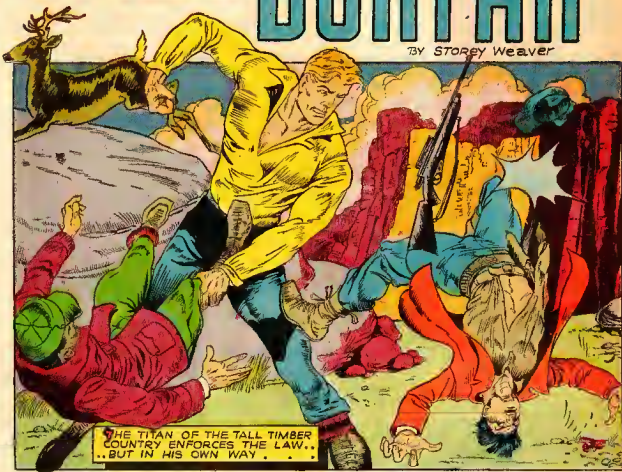
They took Uncle Marc away with the man and everything had to be explained to Grandma.

"Fine little boy, you got here, Madam. He tipped us off. This man isn't any relation of yours. He's a foreign agent who must have heard tell of your secret room and figured it would be a swell hide-out for his pals when they got in trouble."

Leddy wears a bright badge now, and right after Uncle Marc went away, he went down into the secret room and swept it out.

PAUL BUNYAN

BY STOREY WEAVER



THE TITAN OF THE TALL TIMBER
COUNTRY ENFORCES THE LAW..
..BUT IN HIS OWN WAY.

HIGH ON A YELLOWSTONE
PARK MOUNTAIN PEAK
PAUL HEARS A STRANGE
SHOT. HE LOPES DOWN-
HILL A MILE A MINUTE TO
SEE MORE.



THAT'S
AGAINST
THE LAW!
..NO
HUNTING
IN THIS
PARK!

HE INTERRUPTS TWO MEN
WHO ARE DRAGGING AWAY
THE CARCASS OF A DEER..



A Marble River Boon

BUT PAUL DODGES THE BULLETS
AND..

SMART GUYS, EH? W-WE
WHAT'S THE IDEA AIN'T
OF HUNTING IN A T-TALK-
NATIONAL PARK? ING!



PAUL LIFTS THE MAN BY HIS COLLAR AND SHAKES HIM LIKE A FLEA.



YOU'RE NOT? MAYBE THIS WILL OPEN YOUR MOUTH!

HE HURLS THE MAN TO THE TOP OF THE TALLEST PINE TREE IN THE COUNTRY.



THINK AWHILE UP THERE!

OH. OOF!

BUT THE SECOND HUNTER HAS FLED.



I'LL FOLLOW HIS FOOTPRINTS!

THE TRAIL ENDS AT THE CANYON EDGE.



THAT SMALL SHACK.. I'M GOING THERE!

PAUL LOPES FOR IT.. HE HEARS NOISY ARGUING FROM INSIDE.



BUT I TELL YA! IT'S SAFE HERE!

NO.. WE GOTTA SCRAM!

JUST THAT INSTANT, PAUL'S SUSPECT DASHES IN..



HE'S CHASIN' ME!.. A GIANT! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

NOTHIN' DOIN'!



THERE AIN'T NO GIANTS, DOPEY!.. AN' WE'RE STAYIN' HERE.. MY GUN NEEDS ANOTHER NOTCH IN IT!

BUT THEY HEAR A RIPPING NOISE OUTSIDE AND PILE OUT TO SEE.



MULLY CHEE! HE PULLED UP A TREE!

KEEP OUT OF THE WAY!

GRASPING THE TREE LIKE A HUGE BASEBALL BAT, PAUL STARTS TO SWING.



WITH A BIG LEAGUE SWAT, PAUL BATS THE CABIN RIGHT OVER THE CUFF.



BUT HE CARRIES THE BOSS AND HIS STOOGES WITH HIM.

YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER QUESTIONS



THE MEN STARE FLABBERGASTED AT PAUL'S MIGHT.



TIED TO THIS TREE, YOU'LL DO NO HARM!

IN A CLEARING, PAUL SETS HIS BURDEN DOWN.



HEY! THOSE PUNY BLOWS WON'T WORK! CUT IT OUT!

JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO FRESH, YOU'RE GOIN' SWIMMING.



PAUL TOSSES THE DISPUTER TOWARD OLD FAITHFUL, YELLOWSTONE'S FAMOUS GEYSER.



THE MAN GOES UP IN A CLOUD OF HISsing STEAM.



G-GOLLY! IF HE DID THAT TO ME PAL, WHAT'LL HE DO TO ME?

I'LL TALK. WE'RE THE "BUCKSHOT GANG" HIDING OUT FROM THE LAW! WE HAD TO HUNT FOR FOOD!

PAUL LEAVES HIS PRISONER WITH THE PARK POLICE.

I'M GOING BACK FOR THE TWO I LEFT TIED UP!

BUT WHEN PAUL GETS BACK, HE FINDS HIS PREY GONE.

PROBABLY ANOTHER CONFEDERATE FREED 'EM!

WELL, IT'S ANOTHER CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE FOR ME!

PAUL TRAILS THEM OVER CANYONS

HE HOPS RIVERS, TREKS THROUGH TREACHEROUS TERRAIN.

AND SWIMS UPSTREAM OVER WATERFALLS.

AT LAST.

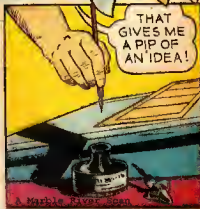
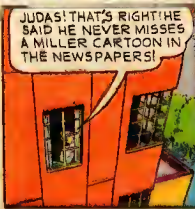
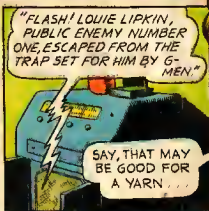
HERE YOU ARE ON A NARROW LEDGE.. EITHER YOU COME WITH ME OR YOU FALL OVER!

WE'LL GO WITH YOU.. BUT BE EASY ON US, HUH?

THAT'S FOR THE LAW TO DECIDE NOW!

PAUL BUNYAN LEAPS INTO A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S

NATIONAL COMICS



IF LOUIE READS ALL MY STUFF
MAYBE HE CAN BE TRAPPED BY IT!



MEANWHILE A FIGURE
SEEKS REFUGE FROM AN
UNCOMFORTABLE DRIZZLE.



CUP A' CAWFEE, BUD!

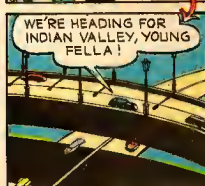


LATER...

NIKI VELLY
CULIOUS WHERE
WE GO, MIST'
MILLER..



WE'RE HEADING FOR
INDIAN VALLEY, YOUNG
FELLA!



CHEE! THANKS FER THE
TIP, MILLER!



INDIAN VALLEY,
HERE I COME!

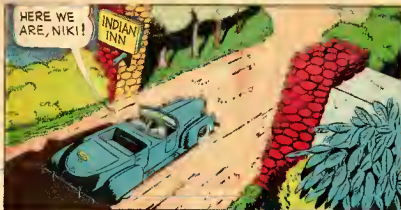


AN EASTBOUND
FREIGHT TRAIN
GETS A PASSENGER
... LOUIE LIPKIN.



BUT WHILE LOUIE IS HEADING EASTWARD,
PEN AND HIS VALET ARE HEADING WEST...





THE TWO MEN CHECK IN AND GO UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE . .

MERCIFUL DRAGONS! YOU GET CAUGHT IN LAWN MOWER, MIST' MILLER?



I'M GOING NATIVE, SON . . JUST A HILLBILLY . . I LOVE MOUNTAIN MUSIC . .

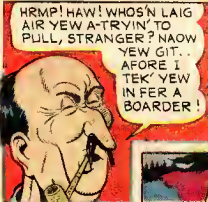
THE CARTOONIST DEPARTS ON HIS MISSION . . .



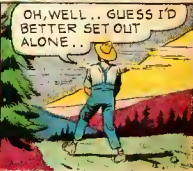
YOU'VE GOT A CHANCE TO SCOOP THE G-MEN, SHERIFF . . I'VE A HUNCH THE ONE AND ONLY LOUIE LIPKIN WILL BE SHOWING UP IN THE VALLEY.



HRMP! HAW! WHOS'N LAIG AIR YEW A-TRYIN' TO PULL, STRANGER? NAOW YEW GIT . . AFOR I TEK' YEW IN FER A BOARDER!



OH, WELL . . GUESS I'D BETTER SET OUT ALONE . .



SAY, MISTER, COULD I CLIMB THAT WATER TOWER?

WHY NOT?



THE AGILE SLEUTH CLIMBS UP THE TOWER TO A WONDERFUL POINT OF VANTAGE . . .



HIS VIGIL IS SOON REWARDED

AH, THERE HE COMES . . MY FAITHFUL FAN!



PEN SPOTS THE LONE FIGURE
TRUDGING DOWN A TRAIL...



GOTTA STEP ON IT IF I
WANT TO CATCH UP TO
HIM!



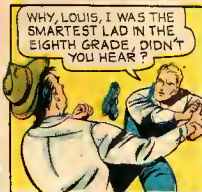
KINDA FAR FROM YOUR
OWN STAMPING GROUNDS,
LOUIE...



HAH! YA AIN'T SMART
ENOUGH TO
GET
ME,
PAL!



WHY, LOUIS, I WAS THE
SMARTEST LAD IN THE
EIGHTH GRADE, DIDN'T
YOU HEAR?



YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO
MEET PEN MILLER BY
ANY CHANCE?

PEN MILLER?



AND YOU'VE JUST PASSED
THE ENTRANCE EXAMS
TO THE BIG HOUSE!



IN ABOUT 99
YEARS YOU'LL
GET YOUR
DIPLOMA...



LITTLE PACKAGE FOR YOU,
SHERIFF

WAAL..
I'LL BE
BURNED!



THE RAT HAS NIBBLE
ON CHEESE MIST'
MILLER PUT OUT
FOR HIM... NEXT
ISSUE HE SET MORE
TLAPS FOR CLOOKS.
YOU COME 'LOUD
SEE, YES?...

CYCLONE CUPID

HE AIN'T STUPID!

BY GILL FOX

CYCLONE'S GOING TO FIGHT IT OUT ON MAIN STREET WITH TOEMAIN, THE KILLER!!

OH, I HOPE THE LITTLE ONE DOESN'T GET HURT!

I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN THOSE TWO CLASH!

THE WHOLE TOWN IS TALKING...



AND FROM ONE END OF THE STREET COMES CYCLONE...



FROM THE OTHER END COMES TOEMAIN

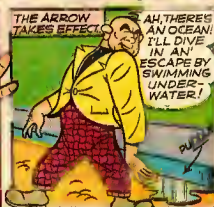


I'LL FLY BEHIND HIM AND SHOOT 'IM WITH MY "SIZE-INCREASING" ARROW. IT'LL MAKE HIM SEE THINGS A MILLION TIMES BIGGER THAN THEY ARE!



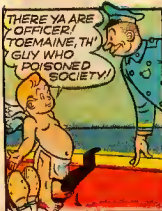
OUCH!

PLUNK!



THE ARROW TAKES EFFECT

AH, THERE'S AN OCEAN! I'LL DIVE IN AN' ESCAPE BY SWIMMING UNDER-WATER!



THERE YA ARE, OFFICER! TOEMAIN, TH' GUY WHO POISONED SOCIETY!

A WEEK LATER, CYCLONE VISITS THE PRISON.

IS MY ARROW STILL TAKING EFFECT ON TOEMAIN?

YEAH, HE'S OFFICE BOY FOR THE WARDEN AN' WHENEVER HE CARRIES A PENCIL HE CLAIMS HE'S CARRYING A GIANT RED-WOOD TREE!!



MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN



AS THE THUNDER OF MODERN BLITZKRIEG STRIKES GREECE, STEEL TANKS AND PLANES BLAST A PATH FOR THE NAZI LEGIONS TO FOLLOW... CAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THE MAGICIAN AND A YOUNG GREEK GIRL RACE FOR A HIDING PLACE.

SHELTERED BY THE ROCKY CAVES OF MOUNT METEORA THE TWO WAIT FOR THE DANGER TO PASS.



WELL, I GUESS WE CAN'T CONTINUE OUR STUDY OF GREEK HISTORY, MR. MERLIN. MY COUNTRY'S BEING RUINED!



THE BEST THING FOR US TO DO, HELENA, IS GET AWAY FROM HERE. BUT I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE A WAY OUT!



MEANWHILE TWO SOLDIERS ARE
DETAILED TO SEARCH THE ROCK
OF METEORA.

CAREFULLY THE SOLDIERS
ASCEND THE STEEP CLIFFS.

DEEP IN THE DARK CAVE MERLIN
AND HELENA WATCH.



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND HIDEOUS
MONSTERS RISE BEFORE THE STARTLED
SOLDIERS!



FRANTICALLY THEY RUSH
OUT OF THE CAVE!



AS ONE SOLDIER LOSES HIS
FOOTING HE GRABS HIS COM-
RADE---

AND BOTH TUMBLE OFF THE
PRECIPICE---

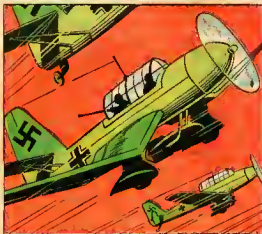
TO SHATTER THEMSELVES
ON THE ROCKS BELOW!



THERE MUST BE ENEMIES HIDING UP THERE - I'LL ORDER THE STUKAS TO DO THEIR WORK!



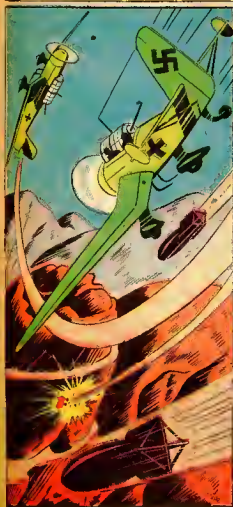
IN A FEW SECONDS A SQUADRON OF STUKA DIVE BOMBERS APPEAR OVERHEAD!



WE'RE IN FOR IT - NOW!



IN SCREECHING POWER DIVES THE DREADED STUKAS HURL THEIR BOMBS AT THE ROCK.



THE MOUNTAIN SHAKES WITH THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSIONS.



OH, MERLIN! I CAN'T STAND IT! DO SOMETHING!



IN ANSWER TO THE GIRL'S PLEADING MERLIN SPEAKS!

SUEZ, DOG FO EHT TNEICNA SKEERG ESIRA!



AND ZEUS, GOD OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS, APPEARS!

WITH MY THUNDERBOLTS I'LL HELP YOU!



NOW FOR A FEW MOMENTS
I SHALL FIGHT FOR
GREECE!



AS THE PLANES CIRCLE ABOVE,
ZEUS CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF
THE MOUNTAIN!



THE STUKAS AGAIN DIVE AT
THEIR TARGET!



AND BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED PILOTS CAN TURN
THEY ARE BOMBARDED BY THUNDERBOLTS!



THE SQUADRON LEADER IS
DISMAYED AT THE DE-
STRUCTION OF THE STUKAS!



CEASE BOMBING AND
RETURN TO THE
BASE!



THANKS, OLD
MAN! BUT HOW
CAN WE
ESCAPE TO
EGYPT?

THAT'S
EASY!



YOU CAN
BORROW PEGASUS
MY FLYING
HORSE!

AND IN FRONT OF THE GRATEFUL
GIRL AND MERLIN THE FAMOUS
HORSE TAKES SHAPE!

QUICKLY THEY CLIMB ABOARD!

GIDDY-AP!

GRACEFULLY THE WHITE WINGED
HORSE SOARS INTO THE SKY.

WELL, THEY'RE SAFE NOW
I'LL GO BACK INTO THE PAGES
OF MYTHOLOGY 'TIL MERLIN
NEEDS ME
AGAIN!

JUST AS THE ANCIENT
GOD DISAPPEARS THE
MOUNTAIN IS OVERRUN
WITH SOLDIERS!

WE
WON!

OVER THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN
MERLIN AND HELENA FLY ON.

BUT SUDDENLY A MESSERSCHMITT
FIGHTER ZOOMS TOWARD THEM.

MUST BE SOME
NEW KIND OF
PLANE! I'LL GIVE
IT A BURST OF
LEAD!

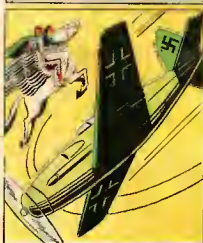
WON'T BE
LONG NOW!

IMMEDIATELY THE MAGICIAN ACTS!

SUSAGEP, EMOCEB
TSAF SA A ENALP!



THE HORSE BECOMES FASTER
THAN THE ATTACKING PLANE..



AND FLIES UP ON THE
MESSERSCHMITT!



SAVAGELY THE HORSE KICKS THROUGH
THE GLASS COCKPIT COVER!



I'M BAILING OUT!
DER FEUHRER DID
NOT TELL ME I HAD
TO FIGHT FLYING
HORSES!



FOUR MORE PLANES AND
YOU'LL BE AN ACE!



MINUTES LATER THE WINGED
HORSE DELIVERS MERLIN AND
HELENA TO THE PYRAMIDS!



WE'RE SAFE
NOW!

THERE GOES PEGASUS
AND NOW I MUST
LEAVE YOU, HELENA..
YOU'RE QUITE SAFE
WITH THE BRITISH
ARMY OVER THERE!



AS THE PYRAMIDS FADE IN
THE DISTANCE MERLIN THE
MAGICIAN CONTINUES AGAIN
ON HIS JOURNEY TO HELP
OPRESSED MANKIND.

